

1973

Gleanings Vol. 1, No. 1

Meridian Public Schools

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/ms_educ



Part of the [Education Commons](#)

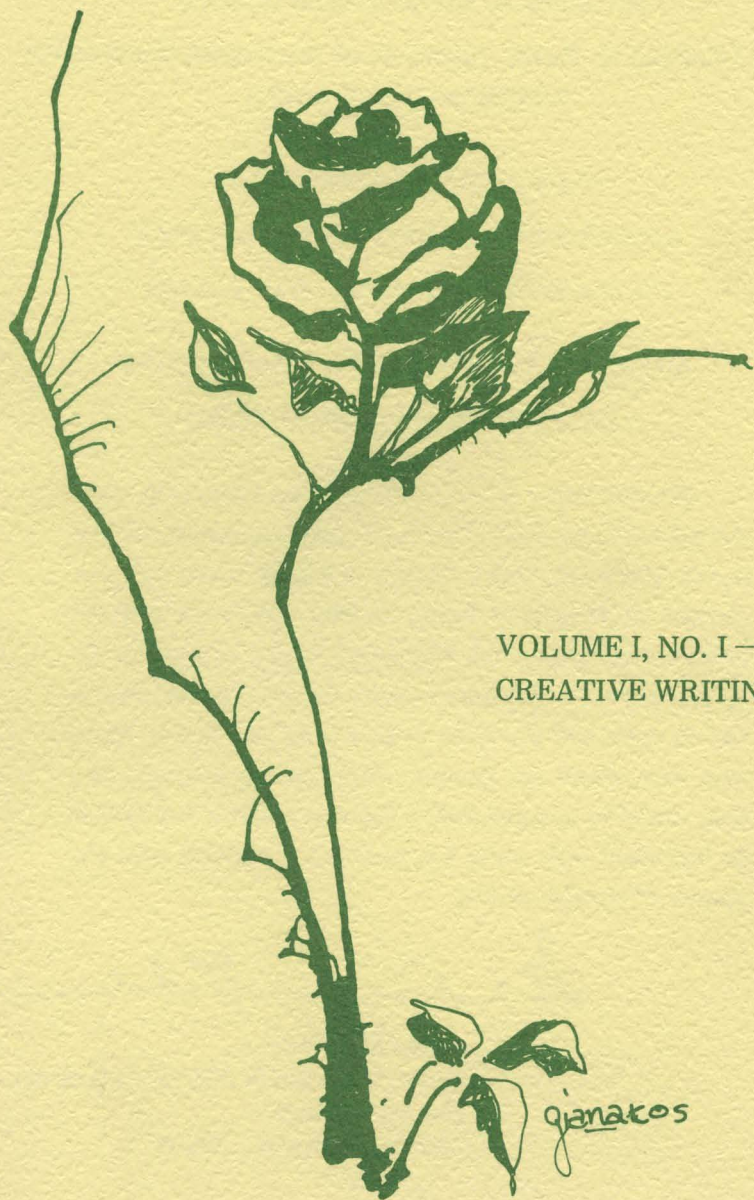
Recommended Citation

Meridian Public Schools, "Gleanings Vol. 1, No. 1" (1973). *Mississippi Education Collection*. 90.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/ms_educ/90

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the General Special Collections at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Mississippi Education Collection by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

✓F miss. Poetry A-M (Farrar)

Gleanings - Poetry



VOLUME I, NO. I - 1973

CREATIVE WRITING, PREP

gianakos

VF Miss. Betty A-M (Farrar)

A Publication of the Meridian Public School System
Meridian, Mississippi

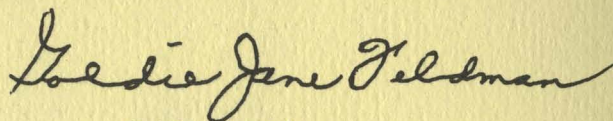
Title III ESEA PL. 89-10

Dr. James A. Hefter, Project Director

Mrs. Winifred H. Farrar, Chairman of the English Department
Meridian High School

Endorsement statement from a representative
of the Mississippi Poetry Society

Winifred Farrar is both an excellent poet and critic. Over the last five or six years I have been closely associated with her in the Mississippi Poetry Society and have found her suggestions at Mississippi Poetry Society workshops and her assistance in editing the Mississippi Poetry Journal of inestimable benefit. She has a capacity for self-criticism which is rare in poets and can write in traditional and modern forms with ease, depth and fluency. Although her judgment as a poet would be unquestioned, I feel that one who has worked so intimately with words has become a competent critic and teacher of creative writing.



Goldie Jane Feldman
Editor, MISSISSIPPI POETRY JOURNAL
765 Avalon Road
Jackson, Mississippi 39206

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Drifting	Doris Evans	5
To A Sleeping Child	Doris Evans	6
Thymus	Doris Evans	6
Cold Flower	Doris Evans	6
Miss's Note	Doris Evans	6
The Search	Doris Evans	6
Stars Of The South	Doris Evans	7
Last Civilization	Doris Evans	7
Explosion	Doris Evans	7
Frozen World	Doris Evans	7
Chorus	Doris Evans	7
Accusation	Doris Evans	7
Kennel	Doris Evans	7
Leaf Of An Oak	Doris Evans	7
Like Children	Doris Evans	7
The Girl	Doris Evans	7
Conscience	Doris Evans	7
The Miracle	Doris Evans	7
Signaling and Ending	Doris Evans	7
Hunt	Doris Evans	7
Master	Doris Evans	7
Fire	Doris Evans	7
Falling Clouds	Doris Evans	7
Refutation	Doris Evans	7
Fire	Doris Evans	7
Garden	Doris Evans	7
My Love	Doris Evans	7
Collaps	Doris Evans	7
Old Face	Doris Evans	7
Rain	Doris Evans	7
Sailing Clouds	Doris Evans	7
A Memory	Doris Evans	7
Sunlight	Doris Evans	7
Beauty	Doris Evans	7
Shovel	Doris Evans	7
Fake It	Doris Evans	7
Liarlike	Doris Evans	7
Devilish	Doris Evans	7
Christmas Post	Doris Evans	7

GLEANINGS – POETRY

A Collection of Student Work

Culminating from Creative Writing Courses

Meridian High School English Department

Creative Writing Teacher and Editor

Winifred H. Farrar

Meridian, Mississippi

No. 1, Vol. 1

TO

Dr. and Mrs. L. O. Todd

Patrons of the Arts

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Drifting	Dana Evans 5
To A Sleeping Child	Dana Evans 5
Tryouts	Dana Evans 5
Cold Flames	Dana Evans 6
Miser's Woe	Dana Evans 6
The Search	Dana Evans 6
Storm Of The Soul	Dana Evans 7
Lost Civilizations	Dana Evans 7
Realization	Dana Evans 7
Frozen World	Dana Evans 7
Cinquain	Theresa Adcock 8
Asclepadian	Theresa Adcock 8
Kaiku	Theresa Adcock 9
Leaf Of An Oak Tree	Theresa Adcock 9
Like Children	Grace Watts 10
The Gift	Grace Watts 10
Conscience	Grace Watts 11
The Miracle	Grace Watts 11
Beginnings and Endings	Grace Watts 11
Hunt	Grace Watts 12
Master	Grace Watts 12
Fire	Grace Watts 12
Falling Objects	Marion Bourdeaux 13
Pollution	Marion Bourdeaux 13
Fire	Marion Bourdeaux 14
Gardens	Marion Bourdeaux 14
My Love	Marion Bourdeaux 14
Collapse	Marion Bourdeaux 15
Old Faces	Marion Bourdeaux 15
Rain	Marion Bourdeaux 15
Sailing Clouds	Marion Bourdeaux 15
A Memory	Wilhelmine Damon 16
Sunlight	Wilhelmine Damon 16
Security	Wilhelmine Damon 16
Snowfall	Wilhelmine Damon 17
Fake It	Wilhelmine Damon 17
Limericks	Wilhelmine Damon 17
Dewdrops	Wilhelmine Damon 18
Christmas Past	Wilhelmine Damon 18

On The Lake	Wilhelmine Damon . . . 18
The Merry-Go-Round	Wilhelmine Damon . . . 19
Moon Flight	Wilhelmine Damon . . . 19
God Radiates	Bridget Abbett 20
The Day Is Born	Bridget Abbett 20
Gods Child	Bridget Abbett 21
Black Is The Night	Bridget Abbett 21
Death Of Beauty	Bridget Abbett 21
Heaven	Bridget Abbett 21
These I Do Hate	Bridget Abbett 21
Fate	Mark Beach 22
Clouds	Mark Beach 22
Sunset	Mark Beach 22
Voice Of My Friend	Mark Beach 23
Star Distance	Mark Beach 23
Gone	Mark Beach 23
Solitude	Mark Beach 23
Her Face	Mark Beach 24
Vigil	Kathy Armstrong . . . 24
Free To Live	Kathy Armstrong . . . 24
Afterglow	Susan Henry 25
Said Thinkings	Susan Henry 25
Fragments	Susan Henry 25
Christmas	Becky Brown 25
Life's Eyes	Becky Brown 26
The End	Becky Brown 26
The Sky	Becky Brown 26
Thunder	Becky Brown 26
Sunshafts	Becky Brown 26
Comets	Hattye Ellis 27
Shifting	Hattye Ellis 27
Heaven	Hattye Ellis 27
Gray Clouds	Hattye Ellis 27
Passing	Hattye Ellis 28
Make-Believe	Hattye Ellis 28
Patience	Hattye Ellis 29
Standing On The Street Corner	G. Harlan Hayes 29
Waiting	G. Harlan Hayes 29
Wanting	G. Harlan Hayes 30
Sunrise	G. Harlan Hayes 30
Mr. President	G. Harlan Hayes 30
Awakening	Cindy Jordan 31

Music	Cindy Jordan 31
Stirring	Cindy Jordan 31
A Froggy	Cindy Jordan 32
Listen	Cindy Jordan 32
New Day	Cindy Jordan 32
I Am	Cindy Jordan 32
Jesus	Cindy Jordan 32
Sunset	Gina Vining 33
Loneliness	Gina Vining 33
Reflections	Gina Vining 33
Reality	Gina Vining 33
Fantasy	Gina Vining 34
Time	Gina Vining 34
Lonely Traveler	Lee Zachry 34
Eyes	Lee Zachry 35
Sleeping For A While	Lee Zachry 35
Mountain Song	Lee Zachry 35
Thanks	Lee Zachry 36
Reach Out	Lee Zachry 36
Spring	Richard Semmes 37
Time	Richard Semmes 37
Life	Richard Semmes 37
A Moment Of Praise	Richard Semmes 38
O World	Lynda Willis 38
Far Away Lands	Lynda Willis 39
Battered Masts	Lynda Willis 39
Mind Expansion	Lauri Winslett 40
Holy Night	Lauri Winslett 40
Watching History	Lauri Winslett 40
Existence	Lauri Winslett 40
Earth	Lauri Winslett 41
The Winds Whistle Of Loneliness	Lauri Winslett 41
Spring Air	Lauri Winslett 41
Life	Lauri Winslett 42
For Peace	Lauri Winslett 42
The Walls Of Hatred	Lauri Winslett 42
Living In The Past	Ginny Walker 43
Sunset	Ginny Walker 43
Running Away	Ginny Walker 43
New York Street Light	Ginny Walker 44
Waiting	Ginny Walker 44
On Friends	Ginny Walker 44

Cut	Ginny Walker	45
Tracks	Ginny Walker	45
Attempted Suicide	Ginny Walker	45
Cast Away The Evil Thorn	Robert Naylor	46
Finding	Robert Naylor	46
A New Autumn Breeze	Robert Naylor	46
Life	Robert Naylor	47
Silence	Robert Naylor	47
Round-Go-Merry	Blanche Williams	47
Spectrum	Blanche Williams	47
In A Wicker Rocking Chair	Blanche Williams	48
Sunset	Blanche Williams	48
Windows	Blanche Williams	48
Mirrors	Blanche Williams	49
Red Honor	Blanche Williams	49-50
Silence	Cathy Lafferty	50
Remembering	Cathy Lafferty	51
I'll Withdraw	Charlene Myers	51
Shade Of Grey	Charlene Myers	51
The Snow	Charlene Myers	52
The Image	Charlene Myers	52
Heartbreak	Charlene Myers	52
Autumn Reverie	Diane Valentine	52
Optical Illusions	Diane Valentine	53
Old Times	Bill Presson	53
For Margarita (The Sunshine Kid)	Bill Presson	53
Requests	Bill Presson	54
Looking Back	Bill Presson	54
Frankly, My Dear	Bill Presson	54
Follies	Bill Presson	55
Bittersweetblues	Bill Presson	55
Perfected	Rebecca Citrone	55
Winter	Rebecca Citrone	55
Park Picture	Pam Partridge	56
Showers Of Love	Pam Partridge	56
Calendars And People	Mike McLellan	57
Lying	Mike McLellan	57
A Cloud	Mike McLellan	57
Watching	Debbie Abraham	57
Sleeping	Debbie Abraham	58
Laughter	Debbie Abraham	58
Impression	Debbie Abraham	58

DRIFTING

As night begins to fall asleep
 I lie and listen
 To the wind as it tussels
 Through the leaves. . . .
 The clock by my bed
 Ticks away immortal minutes
 And I think nothing of it. . . .
 And because I don't, I do. . . .
 And
 I realize I will never
 Hear the wind move those leaves
 That way again. . . .
 Never.
 For that is past tense
 Like last year
 And I grow sad
 And I think of something else. . . .

—Dana Evans

TO A SLEEPING CHILD

Sleep sweetly child, do and dream
 While silky moonbeams wrap you
 In soft veils that seem to haze
 Your world in pools of dew. . . .as I gaze.

—Dana Evans

TRYOUTS

I sat. . . .
 Awaiting turn.
 My nerves were slowly breaking.
 I tried to gather courage but. . . .
 My hands and heart
 Were shaking!
 I rose
 Up from my chair.
 A deep breath I was taking.
 I tried to act my calmest but. . . .
 My hands and heart
 Were shaking!

—Dana Evans

COLD FLAMES

The rich, warm days of autumn caught fire
and spread rapidly through my world
Growing and surmounting,
Unquenchable flames leaped higher
Until their peaks licked the sky,
Scorching the rolling white clouds,
Charring them mercilessly
Till the sun's bright rays
Could no longer penetrate their depths.

My world froze overnight—
A fierce, hard frost covered everything
And you are falling, falling
Like a snowflake from my heart.

—Dana Evans

MISER'S WOE

There was an old miser named Stinge,
Spending money always made him cringe.
But to his unfortunate fate,
He married old Kate,
Who loved going out on a binge!

—Dana Evans

THE SEARCH

Forgotten in another world
Behind secluded walls
Lying on some untrodden road
Hidden in some elusive code
Awaiting like a flag unfurled
To lead us all.
In civil minds a search is owed
To find the means for wars to cease
To find the dormant mountain
where there lies Peace!

—Dana Evans

STORM OF THE SOUL

Her current altered.
The sigh that escaped
swept dark clouds closer
and torrents of rain fell
from her eyes.
The storm within her
waged war on itself—
Sea pounding it's wrathful
rage onto the shore—
Self-tormentation epitomized,
dashing her soul against
jagged rocks.

—Dana Evans

LOST CIVILIZATIONS

The ruins lie with Time's toil done
While shrouding moonbeam falls
And casts its spectral shadow on
The deadness of its walls
Which grieve a glory long passed on.

—Dana Evans

REALIZATION

He hollered—
Loud into the quiet.
He heard—
His echo return.
And he—
Did not like the sound.

—Dana Evans

FROZEN WORLD

Desolate terrain
Swathed beneath frigid white fleece
Yarns for sun's embrace.

—Dana Evans

CINQUAIN

Sea

Below
the still waters
the deep secrets of the sea
unrevealed, because of life's. . .
unrest.

Life

Open,
the door of life
the soul of each human. . .
to be occupied by beauty,
open.

Innocence

Cloudy
the blue gray sky
the mind of a small child. . .
which is smothered by the ideas,
of life.

—Theresa Adcock

ASCLEPEDIAN

Peace

Peace reigns. . . .
Touching man's soul,
Teaching man's heart,
Giving man hope. . . .
Peace reigns.

Living

Man grows. . . .
Looking for fun
Hoping for love
Working for life. . . .
Living.

Love

Love comes. . . .
Bringing some joy
Leaving some hope
Stopping some hurt. . . .
Hurting.

—Theresa Adcock

HAIKU

Sky

Vast open darkness
Sprinkled with glowing trinkets
Calls to all mankind.

Wind

Strong puffs of cool air
Carry troubles to the sea
A breeze returns them.

Rain

Tears from lonely clouds
Dampen the earthly dryness
And inspire my soul.

—Theresa Adcock

LEAF OF AN OAK TREE

A leaf that fell from an Oak tree,
With colors glowing so bright,
Floated softly as if free—
It was surely a lovely sight.

When I look outside I recall,
A leaf that fell from an Oak tree,
It seemed as I saw that leaf fall
That in it was a bit of me.

Each night in my dreams I see
Oak trees and then I remember,
A leaf that fell from an Oak tree
So beautiful in September.

From this day forth and forever,
That leaf so lovely and so free.
I know that I will remember,
A leaf that fell from an Oak tree.

—Theresa Adcock

LIKE CHILDREN

If men could see as children see
Unhampered by ties that age binds
How easy to love it might be!
How happy and carefree our minds!

There'd be no doubt nor lasting pain,
If men could see as children see.
No one would hate, nor would be vain,
If more like children we would be.

For children see as angels see—
The same old things, frosted with dew.
If men could see as children see
The gray skies above would look blue.

If Light of Love shined on our eyes
Our eyes now veiled, would open be,
Clear to glory in morning's skies—
If men could see as children see.

—Grace Watts

THE GIFT

The gift
The precious gift
Of love beyond men's dreams
Became a man, like us
A star above,
It gleams.
He taught
Of greater love
Of love too great it seems,
For all men's sins He died.
A star above,
It gleams.

—Grace Watts

CONSCIENCE

We crouch behind our walls so high and listen. . . .
Listen for a warning—a sound.
A voice—a small, small voice.
And as we listen—trembling, scared,
With growing, growing sound
The wall of self is broken
And falls.

—Grace Watts

THE MIRACLE

A miracle occurs
Each time a day begins.
Each day brings some glad thing.
A miracle occurs
When you hear bluebirds sing
And watch the morning sky.
A miracle occurs
Each time a day begins.

—Grace Watts

BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS

All things have beginnings
And all things have their ends
Do some things last forever
And never, ever end?

In life there is no plan
Of life and how to live,
No rules are set to life,
For all rules disappear.

Each day lived as it comes,
Each different than before.
For each day is your life
A treasure you can store.

Love is part of living
And does love ever end?
All things have beginnings
But some things never end.

—Grace Watts

CINGUAIN

HUNT

Hidden—
the trembling leaf,
the muffed sound of fear,
the eyes of terror and lostness—
The prey.

MASTER

Master—
the old oak stands
towering above the grass
its crown of green so kingly reigns
the land.

—Grace Watts

FIRE

The things that you're saying—
You know they're not true.
They're just like the flame—
The yellow and blue.

The flames full of beauty. . . .
But, oh, how they burn!
Just like what you tell me.
To whom can I turn?

—Grace Watts

FALLING OBJECTS

When things fall off they don't drop up
Into the blue and empty sky;
Instead they always do develop
A fear of places that are high.

There's evidence of what's been said—
When things fall off they don't drop up;
A falling apple bumps its head
When landing on a buttercup.

Some mighty forces must envelope
The objects that descend to Earth;
When things fall off they don't drop up—
They choose to find a lower berth.

Someday I'd like to see the sight
Of rotten apples floating up,
But this event would not seem right.
When things fall off they don't drop up.

—Marion Bourdeaux

POLLUTION

Pollution causes Nature's crumbling life
The mirky waters and the grimy air
Unite to cause sensations of deep strife
Among the worried hearts of those who care
About the way remaining days should be—
Of course, not in this grotesque atmosphere
But in a place that is somehow germ free.
The waters: see-through mirrors that shine clear;
The air, as pure as that which Adam met.
Where can we create such a lovely dream?
Why not at home? It is not hopeless yet!
If only we would work instead of scheme,
This peril of our earth would be dissolved
And those who trail us would not be involved.

—Marion Bourdeaux

FIRE

Flames' tongues lash with life,
Crackling sparks leap with joy and
Embers mark their death.

—Marion Bourdeaux

GARDENS

Gardens
Display the care
That man has offered life.
A sprouting seed is nursed
By gentle hands,
Not strife.
The love
Caresses all;
It waters, feeds, is rife
With sweetness always shown
By gentle hands,
Not strife.

—Marion Bourdeaux

MY LOVE

Gazing into the depths of a fire
And watching the ashes fall to the ground
I think of my love which once flamed brightly
But was snuffed out by an unknown force
Leaving nothing but ashes of wonderful memories.

I'd like to pile the ashes together
And see if the flame would live again
Or maybe send out one small spark
But that would not be kind—
My love now lights another's fire.

—Marion Bourdeaux

COLLAPSE

My head was heavy as cement—
My arms were weak as straws.
Sleep had come and as a hint
My head was heavy as cement.
My elbows slowly slipped and sent
My face onto the desk, because
My head was heavy as cement—
My arms were weak as straws.

—Marion Bourdeaux

OLD FACES

Old faces wear the hints of time gone by
Like cracks in mirrors casting awkward pictures
Upon the eyes of those who dare to glance
With fear that life will someday crack them too.

—Marion Bourdeaux

RAIN

Small crystal eyelets
Drop from roaring thunder clouds
And Earth welcomes rain.

—Marion Bourdeaux

SAILING CLOUDS

Hazy masts of clouds
Billow with gusty currents
As wind paddles on.

—Marion Bourdeaux

There was a young girl who could sing,
She was called to sing for the king
When the ball was hung
A cat got her tongue
And she found she couldn't utter a thing.

—Witherby Danes

A MEMORY

To flowers swaying in the breeze
My thoughts return when I am blue.
As if they care, my mind they tease
And sprinkle it with life a'new.

When troubles pound my heart, I stray
To flowers swaying in the breeze.
So frocked in cheer and fragrant they
Unlock taut chains like shiny keys.

When growing strife I can't appease,
To stronger forces then I turn—
To flowers swaying in the breeze—
They hold a calm I've yet to learn.

This scene relieves unending stress.
And so my heart and mind at ease,
My thoughts in pleasure, too, regress
To flowers swaying in the breeze.

—Wilhelmine Damon

SUNLIGHT

Sunlight. . . .
Parting the clouds,
Tickling with life,
Drenching with warmth
The earth.

SECURITY

Warm souls. . . .
Yearning for love,
Clinging to life. . . .
Embrace.

—Wilhelmine Damon

SNOWFALL

Snowflakes
silently drift,
delicately lacing
an enveloping coverlet
of white.

—Wilhelmine Damon

FAKE IT

Go ahead and fake it
If a cue you miss or line forget.
To stutter and stare won't make it—
Go ahead and fake it,
Even if the line won't fit.
There is no time to sit and fret.
Go ahead and fake it
And pray you won't again forget.

—Wilhelmine Damon

LIMERICKS

There was a young girl with a twang
Who drawled terribly when she sang.
You could tell by her mouth
That she came from the South—
A real belle who hurt ears when she rang.

There was a moonshiner named Leer
Who mixed grains by the tons without gear.
He climbed to the top
To add one last hop
Fell in and then drowned in his beer.

There was an old-timer named Santa
Who enjoyed an occasional Fanta.
Instead of by sleigh,
He returned Christmas day
By car to his home in Atlanta.

There was a young gal who could sing.
She was called to sing for the king.
When the bell was rung
A cat got her tongue
And she found she couldn't utter a thing.

—Wilhelmine Damon

DEWDROPS

Sparkling gems of dew remain
Like lost drops of rain these few
Help flowers regain a waned
Strength to face a new day unrestrained.

—Wilhelmine Damon

CHRISTMAS PAST

At Christmas time in quieter days of old,
Friends seldom seen returned to cronies dear;
To share the warmth—to spread their joy and cheer.
On Christmas Eve friends met to trim the tree
Of green with strings of corn and bows of red.
Small candles bathed the limbs with light and glee.
A warming love prevailed that went unsaid.
And then, when gathered close around the fire,
Just being near soon strengthened friendships dear.
There were feelings of warmth which seemed to inspire
A mood of love that heightened Christmas cheer.
Though Christmas season moved in slower pace,
Spirit was there—something we'll ne'er replace.

—Wilhelmine Damon

ON THE LAKE

Speedboats
Were on the lake.
The yachts were out for showing.
We felt a bit misplaced
'Cause we were there
A'rowing.
But some boats
Ran out of gas
As soon as they got going,
And we weren't short of power
'Cause we were there
A'rowing.

—Wilhelmine Damon

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

The merry-go-round—
Sluggish at first—
Slowly gathers speed. . . .
Amused bystanders blend
Into a mass of intertwining hues
In kaleidoscopic technicolor. . . .
Once familiar faces melt into one
As a feeling of elation prevails. . . .
Spinning round and round,
Faster, faster,
The height of sensation is reached
And then—
Like it began,
The merry-go-round grinds to a halt. . . .
As people take shape
And colors glide into position,
Reality is felt. . . .
A fleeting moment of fantasy
Becomes but a memory.

—Wilhelmine Damon

MOON FLIGHT

A nation's
Short attention span
Is caught momentarily
As a speeding arrow
Is shot
Toward the moon.
Three men brave
The infinite void
Of black,
Awed by the vastness
Of space.
Two touch
On the dusty surface and
Plant Old Glory,
Gather rocks,
Leave footprints
Of mankind.
And then they return
To the waters
Of maternal earth.

Apollo 13 was "Charlie Brown"
Or was it 14?
Even the men's names
Are forgotten.

—Wilhelmine Damon

GOD RADIATES

God radiates His love of man
by the warm bright light of strength
shining
 shining
never tiring from his daily toil.
God quenches our thirsty mouths
with cool clear springs of freshness
sprinkling
 sprinkling
forming pools of jewels for rich joy.
God fills our stomach with growing gifts
of enriched plants and fresh meat
growing
 growing
our nourishment for strong minds.
God gave us darkness to rest tired eyes—
and emeralds of beauty fill the sky
twinkling
 twinkling
with mystery and amassing power.
God forms a light coral of canvases
to hang in the sky and bring peace
soothing
 soothing
from the dark cold blankness
God enriches us with souls
to feel emotions and to know love,
yearning
 yearning
to reach the everlasting life.
God molds the perfect body
to show our love and enjoy his gifts,
giving
 giving
so many things to man.
All God wants is our souls.

—Bridget Abbett

THE DAY IS BORN

The sun feels the sky
as the crack of dawn appears.
A new day is born.

—Bridget Abbett

GODS CHILD

God lives—
giving the land
making the life
receiving the soul
his child.

BLACK IS THE NIGHT

Sun shines it's glory.
The night blacks with it's sadness.
Lonesome is the dark.

DEATH OF BEAUTY

Warm yellow flower—
Hard weeds surround and strangle,
so death of beauty.

HEAVEN

Heaven is the peace of
yearning souls in the lasting
time of eternity.

—Bridget Abbett

THESE I DO HATE

Sour milk
Ruined silk
Soggy cornflakes
Polluted lakes
Dirty socks
Alarm clocks
Having no soap
Faces that mope
Cold showers
Misused powers
Boring books
Strange looks
Wornout shoes
Lowdown blues
Depressing songs
Broken thongs
A hot street
Blistered feet.

—Bridget Abbett

FATE

"I have a dream," was said by one,
The day of peace has yet to come.
Is there an answer, is there a way,
To overcome all war today?

The generals build their war machine,
The children ask, what does it mean,
To hate your brother, to kill and fight,
Will there be peace on earth tonight?

Man will be his ruin quite soon,
Instead of peace we try for the moon.
Put down the guns, give up the pride,
Hang your head from God to hide.

Is there an answer, is there a way,
To overcome all war today?
I really doubt it, to be honest with you,
Before too long it will all be through.

Man hates to love,
And loves to hate.
This, my friend, will be his fate.

—Mark Beach

CLOUDS

The clouds whisk by like a ghost in the night,
They move along with ease in their flight.
As Mercury with winged feet and great speed,
The only voice heard is the wind that they heed.

When man has ruined our earth so pure,
And when for death there is found no cure.
When love is gone and we've heard the last plea,
The clouds above will always be free.

—Mark Beach

SUNSET

When day has slowly passed,
And revolution is near half
When clouds and air distort the rays,
The sunset has begun.

—Mark Beach

VOICE OF MY FRIEND

Whispering my name,
Calling me home,
Comes the voice of wind,
My friend in the pines.

—Mark Beach

STAR DISTANCE

White light
Pinnacle bright
Burns itself completely. . .
We won't know for many years gone,
It's out.

—Mark Beach

GONE

The sun lately bright
Overtaken by the clouds,
Leaves the world too dull.

—Mark Beach

SOLITUDE

In solitude,
Loads become greater,
Think, think, contemplate. . .
until,
The problem becomes greater.
Looming larger, larger, larger. . .
tears.
It's healed.

—Mark Beach

HER FACE

Beautiful the face of sky
 Beautiful is too her face
 More important hue her mind
 Her loss to me left me all but blind.

—Mark Beach

VIGIL

Rhythmic blues flow softly,
 Ebbing penetrating piano,
 Fading lonely trumpet.
 Candle burns low,
 Flickering gently.
 Cast to solitary vigil,
 The Majestic Green Lady,
 Head held high,
 Stares blankly into space.

—Kathy Armstrong

FREE TO LIVE

Free to live,
 Yet always told what to do.
 Free to live,
 Yet hocking your soul to
 pay your way.
 Free to live,
 Yet afraid to walk life's road.
 Free to live,
 Yet only able to exist.

—Kathy Armstrong

AFTERGLOW

The sun sinks behind
 eager triumphant clouds. . . .
 Dusk grows and brushes
 its chilly fingers across the sky. . . .
 The chirp of crickets echo,
 and infiltrate the night,
 which settles her blanket
 of soft tranquillity over the weary day.

—Susan Henry

SAID THINKINGS

With the speaking of a word
 I am making myself heard,
 For my thoughts are only thoughts
 And the mouth is just a mouth
 Words are really just said thoughts.

—Susan Henry

FRAGMENTS

Like half forgotten years
 In my mind I find
 Fragments, pieces of ideas
 Congealed in patch design.
 With memory dwindling as I age,
 These balance out my mind.

—Susan Henry

CHRISTMAS

Christmas
 festive feelings
 family, friends, food and fun,
 time for feelings, time for loving,
 Christmas

—Becky Brown

LIFE'S EYES

Life's eyes. . . .
Looking for life,
Crying for time,
Seeing us die. . . .
Go blind.

—Becky Brown

THE END

The ocean of time
meets the ocean of never
in infinity.

—Becky Brown

THE SKY

Is it fact or merely fiction,
Is it real or just a vision,
Formations changing,
pattern then color,
Searing brighter, wearing duller.
Many soar it,
and seek to know it
One fact remains,
it's omnipresent.

—Becky Brown

THUNDER

The clapping thunder
Smashes together the sky
split by the lightning

—Becky Brown

SUNSHAFTS

Sunshafts,
Speeding to earth,
Piercing our skies,
Blinding our eyes,
Give life.

—Becky Brown

COMETS

Streaking threads of silk
Weave in—out of deep darkness,
Vanishing queerly.

—Hatty Ellis

SHIFTING

Rowboat. . . .
Rocking with waves,
Shifting with tides,
Coming on home. . .
And rest.

—Hatty Ellis

HEAVEN

Beyond
the golden arch,
the dwelling place of God. . . .
where souls of kind children may rest
always.

—Hatty Ellis

GRAY CLOUDS

Still as a statue
Lies my beloved,
As she lives in her special world.
Unable to plan and laugh—
Taunted by others.

Pale is her frail frame,
Timid is her smile.
For innocence swells her,
As gray clouds float deeply inside.

—Hatty Ellis

PASSING

Mirrors
Are reflections,
Pictures concealing time.
As days wear on,
Years still passing,
We climb.
So close
Our end draws near.
No longer years of prime,
But reflections of old.
Years still passing,
We climb.

—Hattye Ellis

MAKE-BELIEVE

If life were just a make-believe,
No feelings would exist, to see
The broken hearts that each receive.
For life can be torment, ennui.

Hours would pass as weeks; minutes—days,
If life were just a make-believe,
For love, warmth, peace would not stay
Within these selfish walls we weave.

No love would be there to receive,
Piercing from iron walls of true hell.
If life were just a make-believe,
Should we bear the cost to rebel?

Man's freedom would be fought by fist,
If he intends life to stay, not leave.
The world could no longer exist,
If life were just a make-believe.

—Hattye Ellis

PATIENCE

Young poets of today,
Do not lose your mind
If sometimes thoughts decay.
Young poets of today
Write what there is to say
If only to unwind.
Young poets of today,
Do not lose your mind!

—Hattye Ellis

STANDING ON THE STREET CORNER

I stand on the street corner,
Watch people pass,
One, two, three, four. . . .
Fat people,
Skinny people,
Young and old people—

Little old ladies;
With large shopping bags—
Mothers with children;
Good ones,
Bad ones—

Policemen directing traffic,
Escaping narrow death—
Mailmen taking mail,
Busmen driving buses—

All this I see,
And plenty more. . . .
Standing on the street corner.

—G. Harlan Hayes

WAITING

Waiting. . . .
Along the shore,
For the one I still love—
Until she comes to be with me. . . .
Standing.

—G. Harlan Hayes

WANTING

Wanting. . .
All I can have,
For the time I am here—
Having the things to reach my goal. . .
Wanting.

SUNRISE

Looking. . .
To see the sun,
To feel its radiance. . .
Warm the body, mind and soul—
Sunrise.

—G. Harlan Hayes

MR. PRESIDENT

It's night and the door is closed,
Lights are out,
All but one lamp;
Which burns early into the morning—
I watch from below. . .
Into the window above—
He strokes his beard,
Scratches his head,
Bends forward in his chair,
He seems to be thinking
What could it be?

The war is on,
North against South—
Could this be it?
Men shedding blood,
Brother against brother,
Kin against kin,
He takes his pen. . .
He writes and writes,
Perhaps a proclamation,
A proclamation of peace.

—G. Harlan Hayes

AWAKENING

The sun peeps over the silent, sleeping hills and
treetops. . . Once more sharing its rays of light
and warmth with the trees and fields;
the birds awake with joyful singing. . .
the field rabbits begin their daily
routines of hopping around in search
of green plants for food. . .
the squirrels climb out of their nests and
begin chattering and leaping from tree
to tree, knocking leaves and acorns to
the ground below. . .
alarm clocks sound, arousing people from
their sleep. . .
dogs bark at milkmen delivering their
products to each doorstep. . .
eggs and bacon begin to sizzle in the
frying pans. . .
the sound of a motor is heard warming up. . .
the freeways are packed with noisy cars
and trucks making their way to their
places of business.

The sun's rays beat down on the earth below.
The world is now awake!

—Cindy Jordan

MUSIC

The music in the world
fills many lives with joy,
cheers many a weary spirit,
The music in the world
has been since the beginning
filling the world with sweet refrain,
The music in the world
fills many lives with joy.

—Cindy Jordan

STIRRING

A breeze stirs the grass
swaying gently to the beat
of awaited spring.

—Cindy Jordan

A FROGGY

There once was a froggy named Keiti
who slept on a lily pond wreath
he woke up one day
and to his dismay
found warts on his bright, shiny teeth.

—Cindy Jordan

LISTEN

Listen,
to the quiet
of the dark, silent night. . . .
of the solitary silence. . . .
sleeping.

NEW DAY

The sun
has now come up
creeping over the hills
sharing its light with all the world,
new day.

I AM

He said,
"I know I am. . . .
I know what I believe. . . .
I am an individual. . . .
I am."

JESUS

Jesus. . . .
he calms my soul,
he helps me share his love,
he fills my life with peace and joy. . . .
Jesus.

—Cindy Jordan

SUNSET

Flocks of sparrows swoop down
among the golden buttercups
the moss green meadow is glowing with radiance
light summer breeze
makes the buttercups dance
in orange, and red, and yellow rays
of setting sun.

—Gina Vining

LONELINESS

I will talk in a peaceful tone
In a breathless sound;
I will speak about being alone,
Amid summer's ground,
As the world goes round.

—Gina Vining

REFLECTIONS

The mirror reflects
An inferior image,
A portrait of doom.

—Gina Vining

REALITY

Time will pass in future days:
Whenever it will
Hours shall die like weeds
In endless journeys until
Time passes silently, unreal.

—Gina Vining

FANTASY

The light, fluffy passing clouds
Like breezy dancing marshmallows
Highlight the sky with shape and form.

—Gina Vining

TIME

May we sleep in the deep night
In a timeless past;
With minds, quick and bright,
Still, in a universe vast,
Among the wondering masts.

—Gina Vining

LONELY TRAVELER

I'm a lonely Traveler
In a world that's dying young
I'm a lonely traveler
And nothing is being done

To free this world
From the pain and woe
The lonely traveler
Has no place to go

I'm a lonely traveler
Lost in his own time
I'm a lonely traveler
Lost within my mind

No place to go
No wars to win
The lonely traveler
Travels with a grin.

—Lee Zachry

EYES

My eyes
Searching for love,
Feeling the pain,
Closing in death. . . .
still see.

—Lee Zachry

SLEEPING FOR A WHILE

Sleeping for a while
I wake up to find
All the many images
Have changed within my mind.

I can feel you in the morning
I can see you in the night—
All the world is beautiful
When you hold me tight.

Never really knowing
Never wanting more
Never looking back in time
Cause no one's keeping score.

I can feel you in the morning
I can see you in the night—
All the world is beautiful
When you hold me tight.

—Lee Zachry

MOUNTAIN SONG

On some mountain
In the rain
I sat down
To arrange
A song for you
A deadly tool
To turn your love
For this fool
But after hours
Of endless pain
I started writing
Of the rain.

—Lee Zachry

THANKS

Turn me around
 Make me believe
 Open my eyes
 Let me see
 Open my heart
 So I feel the pain
 Change my mind
 So I won't die in vain
 Show me the way
 Through the stormy night
 And when it hurts
 Hold me tight
 All these things
 I ask of you
 I'm such a pain
 To live up to.

—Lee Zachry

REACH OUT

Reach out
 Reach out
 The world is my home
 Reach out
 Reach out
 Until everything is known

I need the time
 To find why I'm wondering
 I need the time
 To wake from my slumbering

Reach out
 Reach out
 Time is so dear
 Reach Out
 Reach Out
 The end is so near

I need the time
 To find why I'm wondering
 I need the time
 To wake from my slumbering
 Reach out
 Reach out.

—Lee Zachry

SPRING

The snows are melting
 And warmth fills the air again
 With promise of spring.

Buds burst, flowers bloom,
 The grass gives a bright green hue—
 Life is in the air.

In the hearts of men
 The warmth of a new love grows;
 It spreads through the world.

—Richard Semmes

TIME

Time.
 It comes
 and it goes,
 never stopping,
 Spreading signs of age.
 Watch how the seasons change,
 springing to life, then
 falling to death,
 like man's life,
 birth to
 death.

—Richard Semmes

LIFE

Your life,
 What makes it so?
 Are you destined to die?
 Or will you live eternally?
 Who Knows?

—Richard Semmes

MIND EXPANSION

One's mind,
An empty space
filled with life's nothingness. . .
then acknowledges its own right
to learn.

—Lauri Winslett

HOLY NIGHT

Nighttime
comes with the cold,
To a Bethlehem Stable.
Where a woman gives birth.
A miracle
of God.
Shepherds
are told by Angels.
Wise men come from far lands
To see the gifted Christ child.
A miracle
of God.

—Lauri Winslett

WATCHING HISTORY

Of times passing my way
the present is best.
Watching history going by today,
during my tomorrows
I can look back
and remember that day,
Who was living,
Who was dead,
Who was loving,
Who was fighting.
I can remember because
I watched history pass one day!

EXISTENCE

We live. . .
Gaining the strength,
Knowing the pain,
Dreading the end. . .
Of life.

—Lauri Winslett

EARTH

Earth is so stable.
And like an old friend of mine,
it can be trusted.

—Lauri Winslett

THE WINDS WHISTLE OF LONELINESS

The winds whistle of loneliness
to those who have lost someone dear.
With cold arms the wind can't caress,
the thoughts of those with love sincere.

The pain goes deep as roots of trees.
The winds whistle of loneliness
Around those in desolate seas,
Filled with an eternal stress.

Wandering through the soul's vastness,
One finds how mourning can destroy.
The winds whistle of loneliness
Through souls so far from mortal joy.

Taking a stroll down life's cruel road,
Look at the people and the sadness,
Then you will know why you are told,
The winds whistle of loneliness.

—Lauri Winslett

SPRING AIR

In the air, the scent of spring—
The birds voices sing content
In the cool, dancing young wind,
While tree's frail arms are bent like old tin.

—Lauri Winslett

LIFE

Life grows,
acknowledges. . .
expands with no limits. . .
retires in loneliness and pain,
then dies.

FOR PEACE

Break down the wall
that mars our hope,
of a world with peace!
Bring forth the weapons
of love and understanding
and trust which defend this pact!
Bury the hate,
Bury the jealousy,
Bury the pain
of a troubled world.
Let loose the fear
and mistrust of fellow humans.
For need we fear the
peace for which we pray?

—Lauri Winslett

THE WALLS OF HATRED

The walls of hatred stand
Over those filled with fear.
This fear suppressed by his hand,
Gives them courage to stand.
Now they're no longer like sand—
Always shifted to the rear.
The walls of hatred stand
Over those filled with fear.

—Lauri Winslett

EXISTENCE

We live,
Gaining the strength,
Knowing the pain,
Dreading the end,
Of life.

—Lauri Winslett

LIVING IN THE PAST

Into a world of lazy dreams
I fly from all my dark dismay—
I'm living in the past, it seems.

Through broadening scopes of crazy schemes
My imagination runs away
Into a world of lazy dreams.

Broken memory—somehow deems
In amnesia's chamber I shall stay
I'm drawn into its shining ray
Into a world of lazy dreams.

The clouds float by, like thick whipped cream
In every puff I see a face
I'm living in the past, it seems.

So, when this gray world gets too mean,
I steal away, far from today
Into a world of lazy dreams—
I'm living in the past, it seems.

—Ginny Walker

SUNSET

Burst of red splendor
Is slowly drifting downward
Eaten up by earth.

—Ginny Walker

RUNNING AWAY

She stands—
Fading blue jeans,
Weeping blue tears.
Wants to go home—
But can't.

—Ginny Walker

NEW YORK STREET LIGHT

Late every night
She
Peers through the thick

Smog—black jungle with a single
Light, electric iridescence
Bright. She makes a
Wish. . . .

Something to hope for
in a city of
No stars.

—Ginny Walker

WAITING

March winds blow softly
Whistle over my empty soul—
Rustle bull-rushes—
Whisper songs so deep, so quiet,
I must strain to hear.

But my ears are wide-open
as I wait for the wind
To touch my sad heart. . . .
with cool breeze.

—Ginny Walker

ON FRIENDS

Friends are like freckles
Try to count them—one can't. . . .
At times shifting
Like changes of season
Only to return
Each firmly imprinted
In the depths of memory.

—Ginny Walker

CUT

I froze
In your ice-house;
When you assaulted me
With imaginary snowballs,
I fell.

—Ginny Walker

TRACKS

Gloom scratches.
Her gnarled fingers claw at my heart
Leaving gashes—
Just as memories leave imprints
of good times
Carved into my soul. . . .

Patterns of emotions
Forever engraved within.

—Ginny Walker

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE

I look at the street to find
I have lost my mind it's neat;
Faith lost in mankind I jump
Six feet to concrete Only a bump.

—Ginny Walker

CAST AWAY THE EVIL THORN

Cast away the evil thorn.
The thorn is war, feared king. . . .
The guardian of our scorn.

It strives to make earth torn,
Clipping the earth's last wing.
Cast away the evil thorn.

Eroding earth till worn.,
War plagues to only bring
The guardian of our scorn.

War strikes the child, still unborn,
Killing with its painful sting.
Cast away the evil thorn.

It grows like a seed of corn.
Cast away this evil thing. . . .
The guardian of our scorn.

Bow down earth, bow and mourn!
Flee from the song war will sing.
Cast away the evil thorn. . . .
The guardian of our scorn.

—Robert Naylor

FINDING

Newborn,
Growing to love,
Learning to live,
Searching for time. . . .
And self.

—Robert Naylor

A NEW AUTUMN BREEZE

A new breeze danced by	a tree,
Setting a leaf free	to die
Among a soft sea	of more,
That have become dry	along Earth's floor.

—Robert Naylor

LIFE

Sunrise,
Flowers blooming,
Shivering in the light breeze.
Life, beauty, ambition, and age. . . .
Sunset.

—Robert Naylor

SILENCE

Still, golden droplets
Of time, amidst noisy pools
Of thoughts and feelings.

—Robert Naylor

ROUND-GO-MERRY

We played in the park
played under the moon
crossed over the bridge
and
ran from the wind
and
laughed at the ducks
and
aced-to-the-swings
and
swungthroughthesky
Till I became dizzy
and everything spun backwards
on the round-go-merry

—Blanche Williams

SPECTRUM

Misty
hues of rainbows
mingle within the blue,
filtering the glaring golden
sunlight.

—Blanche Williams

IN A WICKER ROCKING CHAIR

I sat
Within a shell
All lined in velvet pillows
And began to rock and dream
In woven pussy
Willows.
I rocked
And dreamed balloons
And transparent bubble billows
Till suddenly they popped
In woven pussy
Willows.

—Blanche Williams

SUNSET

Kite tails,
crayoned with love,
tangle themselves
over the earth—
soft roof.

—Blanche Williams

WINDOWS

Light through a cold glass—
One Edison-bulb alone
in forever-illusions—
starsilver

Breath on a cold glass—
One Edison-bulb now center
of paintbox-color forever-circles—
pulling me

—Blanche Williams

MIRRORS

Rain puddles

flutter
green grasses
in colorblind beauty

sparkle
treed raindrops
in tissue crystalline

double
leaves floating
in cross-your-eyes vision

and bounce
droplets upward—
Do they mirror back?

—Blanche Williams

RED HONOR

His dusty boot
trapped my shadow (wodahs)
nailing it
pounding
crushing it there
where it might
h
a
n
g forever
on a rusted blade of grass

I had liked his boots
had written in their dust
with my finger
and watched his sweat
make my words
s
l
i
d
e
And I had counted the drops
that rolled
but forgotten the number

Then today I wrote
and waited

This time
blood rolled over the dust
and smeared my words
And the smears
and blood
ROLLED with the drums and the guns
till they covered my shadow (wodahs)
and pasted it
to the ground.

Red honor had gushed
(Did I scratch him with my finger?)
over dusty boots
And bloody soles now
hold my shadow (wodahs) to the rusted blade

Someone bottled his red honor
then poured it on me
drowning me in it
and buried me under my scarred shadow (wodahs)

He is buried too
but it is different
because
his soul (luos) is not
stamped
into the ground.

—Blanche Williams

SILENCE

Silken silence growing
embraces human mind,
Sweet dreams gently flowing.

Silken silence growing,
the quiet somehow
slowing the
pace—
an escape of mine.
Silken silence growing
embraces human mind.

—Cathy Lafferty

REMEMBERING

Stillness in my mind. . . .
Scenes of other times; other places are
passing through.
All is good again for I am
unreached, untouched in yesterday's world.

Uncolored memories flooding me
bring laughter loud and long—
bring tears sad and joyous,
for they are only memories.

—Cathy Lafferty

I'LL WITHDRAW

Into the silence I'll withdraw,
Gone to a make-believe place.
There, there is no judgement or law,
Nobody enters this calm space.

When I want to discover self,
Into the silence I'll withdraw;
Numbered ideas stacked on the shelf
Help me remove my sharpened claw,

I trim it up with flowers, not straw,
Unlike that world on the outside;
Into the silence I'll withdraw
When my problems I can't abide.

But there I must not ever stay,
I must live by society's law;
But when trouble starts coming my way,
Into the silence I'll withdraw.

—Charlene Myers

SHADE OF GREY

Looking at this shade of grey
thoughts of distant day soon fade;
blackness molds the clay of mind
stealing beauty made in times behind.

—Charlene Myers

THE SNOW

Blankets of silver
smothering the pastels and
hiding ugliness.

—Charlene Myers

THE IMAGE

Looking
at my image
a stranger's form was seen;
to haunt and accompany me
forever.

—Charlene Myers

HEARTBREAK

Heartbreak
Came from a love
Cherished but lost
Found was a pain
that killed.

—Charlene Myers

AUTUMN REVERIE

November sun
smiles on trees
arrayed in autumn
glory.

Teasing rays spread
hues of blushing coral,
golden amber, darkest
chocolate
To melt away the gloom.

—Diane Valentine

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS

Deep blue veils conceal
emotions.
Hidden beneath shadows
of silence
Lie memories of rainbows
and roses.

Deep blue veils edged
with silky black fringe
Mirror the turmoil
But stand aloof
from the hurt.

Slowly a smile
breaks through
And the veil
lifts.

—Diane Valentine

OLD TIMES

Why are the old things best?
Why do we love old friends more?
Faded and patchy clothes like memories
That grow soft with time in that favorite chair
Lost somewhere in that big old house,
Still proud with a simple elegance that stays true
Through the storm, like old friends who love you
Always. And I love them so.
Hey, old girl—remember when?

—Bill Presson

FOR MARGARITA (THE SUNSHINE KID)

Once I knew some lonely grey days
When I sang the blues and waited.
(You know how it is, sometimes.)
But you came and chased those clouds away
And we rolled along in swingin' ragtime.
Oh, happy days. (They sure were good while they lasted.)
And even though that time has come and gone,
I won't sing the blues. No, I'd rather say
Thanks for everything,
And for the days when you were my Southern Comfort.

—Bill Presson

REQUESTS

Say, mister, won't you play me some blues?
Gentle and tender to ease my pain.

Hey, sister, won't you sing me a song?
Sing me a sweet one to soothe my hurt.

Say, old girl, won't you ever come back?
Their sweet music can never be you.

—Bill Presson

LOOKING BACK

Try to remember when.
Try to catch a glimpse of the images
Of those dear old days that were, somehow,
The best we've ever known.

Do you see it clearly?
Do you see the way it really was?
My friend, that time is gone forever,
Because it never was.

—Bill Presson

FRANKLY, MY DEAR. . .

Now, don't give me
That broken-hearted act.
And don't tell me
Your tales of sorrow.
(He gave up on you, didn't he?
I knew he would;
I could have told you that.)
And now you want to
Come back to your
Steady old feller.
Sorry, kid;
You missed the boat.

—Bill Presson

FOLLIES

Hellraising hilarity
Revelers transformed
By what made Milwaukee famous
And the golden nectar of Kentucky—
Scenes of unrestrained merrymaking. . .
Football weekend.

BITTERSWEETBLUES

Goodbye.

It's too bad things didn't work out
And we never really got along
Like I wish we could have.
So before it's too late let me say
That I love you but I could never tell you
And I could never quite show you that I cared.
I can't really tell you why—
(As if you cared)

But I still love you, anyway.

—Bill Presson

PERFECTED

The lake steals moonlight
for its own
undulating glory.
Thrice used, twice improved,
it reaches me on the shore
perfected.

—Rebecca Citrone

WINTER

Snowflakes
piling in drifts
where naked trees meet earth,
Webbed fingers on the horizon. . .
Winter.

—Rebecca Citrone

PARK PICTURE

The old man on the park bench
sits silent and alone
with no one to care for him;
He must make it on his own.
Sad and lonely is his day
while he sits and feeds the birds
to pass the time away.
To birds he is a friend,
They perch upon his cane,
and sing in hopes to cheer him,
but their music is in vain.
At the end of day he leaves,
returns to an empty room.
Lacking cheer and love, and life
Its only feeling gloom.
Perhaps tomorrow will bring—
who knows—
A bright new day.
Angels, not birds, could sing
And loneliness drift away.

—Pam Partridge

SHOWERS OF LOVE

Fall down on me soft rain.
Let the angels cry down on
my face.

Let the lightning flash
across the sky like Mercury,
and the thunder roar
like waves pounding
against the shore.

Let each diamond drop fall
to earth, and cleanse it
of hatred and greed,
so that we may bathe
in showers of love.

—Pam Partridge

CALENDARS AND PEOPLE

Calendars keep the time of day. . . .
Mark Columbus, George Washington, Lincoln and
and King.
It knows all the birthdays and deaths.
But so many people are mistaken
when they don't know
the date or the week.

—Mike McLellan

LYING

Books with words tell truth;
Only authors are to blame;
They, they write the lies.

—Mike McLellan

A CLOUD

Being high, white, and fluffy,
A cloud is like floating cotton. . . .
Predicting weather just ahead,
Giving shadow to all the world.

—Mike McLellan

WATCHING

Electric and sharp
The colors and patterns flew
Tripping over clouds.

—Debbie Abraham

SLEEPING

Leaves sink and dwindle
Into an hypnotic sleep
To awake in spring.

—Debbie Abraham

LAUGHTER

The misty heavens
Gazing upon the earthlings
Chuckle in despair

—Debbie Abraham

IMPRESSION

Winter's color is blue
But not completely true
For gray seeps in to stay
As water in the bay.
Dead leaves fall to the ground,
Smothering every town,
Lonely and longing for spring—
Then every leaf will sing.

—Debbie Abraham

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO PERSONNEL INVOLVED

The Board of Trustees, Meridian Public Schools: Mr. Archie McDonnell, Mr. Abe Taylor, Mr. Robert McRae, Dr. O. D. Polk, and Mr. Kenneth Watts who approved the concept of PREP (Pupil Responsibility for Educational Performance); Dr. L. O. Todd, Superintendent Emeritus who helped to originate PREP; Dr. Clyde Muse, Superintendent of Schools who endorsed it; Dr. Douglas Everett, Personnel Director who maintains interest in student efforts; Dr. James V. McCullough, Curriculum Director, who helped to write the proposal; Dr. James A. Hefter, Director of Federal Projects who sponsored PREP from the beginning and gives enthusiastic encouragement; Mr. Paul Franklin, Superintendent for Business Affairs whose life is complicated by projects; Mr. W. E. Voelz, Supervisor of Purchasing Department for practical details; other central office personnel who have been helpful in any phase of PREP; Mr. Charles A. Armstrong, Principal of Meridian High School for immediate assistance; Meridian High School English teachers who live with PREP; all other Meridian High School personnel who assist this project in any way; and the people directly involved in printing this work.